

January 11, 1967

Dear Mr. Weisberg:

I have read the first of Manchester's opus and he's the silliest ass I've ever come across. It is amusing to me that his obvious reading of his own tender rejection fears into Oswald should have culminated in his own rejection by the cruel and beautiful Jacqueline. It's no wonder that sent him to the hospital. I haven't have such a good laugh since envisioning General Walker as he led the singing at the wedding of Michael Paine's friend. I guess that set the seal of sanctity on that wedding all right. And now here is Master William setting his boyish seal of approval on Gerald Ford's pitiful expedition into Oswald's psyche. It is further amusing to note that it is the soap operax and true confessions fans who are snapping up this issue of Look. I had to borrow a copy from a kind soul who, to my certain knowledge, has read nothing more serious than Dear Abby in the last five years. Moreover, it is terrible to think how great a villain Mrs. Kennedy may prove to have been Before this is all over: No telling who Manchester may go slowly insane and shoot.

This book is a nine day wonder. It's hardly likely to say "This fur and no fu'ther" to any serious critic. I suppose you heard Mr. Johnson last night. I have my own opinions about the State of the Union.

I was pleased by your last little letter, in that you said I had raised your spirits. It is an infinitesimal recompense for what your books have given me.

I have never mentioned my anger at the early injustice of the reviewers. They're not worth the stamp: I felt deeply from the first that your book was strong enough to make its way. And I was right. The right, proud proportion of intelligence and imagination has the power to move a world, in this case the sham world of the Warren Report and its supporters.

I feel sure that the assassins and their perhaps unwitting confederates after the fact are, beneath their smugness, more afraid of you than of any other man in the country, for the simple fact that your books, each of them, and each chapter of each book sheds further light on the case; and this relentless approach of the light drives them deeper into the dark that remains. They do not and cannot know where this light ~~will~~ will stop; and whether, one day, there will be any dark left for them at all. They will understand your books better than anyone.

Sincerely,



Beverly Brunson
Box 296

Baxter Springs, Kansas 66713

I am going to write an ~~article~~ ^{article} embodying ^{all} my views on the mechanics of the assassination. Then I don't know what I'll do with it, but I will send it to you first in hopes that you will discover any fatal flaws in it & warn me. It will involve quite a struggle between me & the art of prose and I

I saw the Bell Edition the other day - only one copy left on the news stand. I hope it is selling well & that you were paid in ~~the~~ ^{some} favorable proportion to your work. It may be the only Rinehart money being made in this country today.